

The ADAMS FAMILY

ISSUE 25.... STOCKING BURSTING 60P..... DEC 96/JAN 97....

INSIDE

**The
Simon
Garner
Issue:-**

FREE
GARNER
SUPPORT
NOTE

GARNER
JOKE
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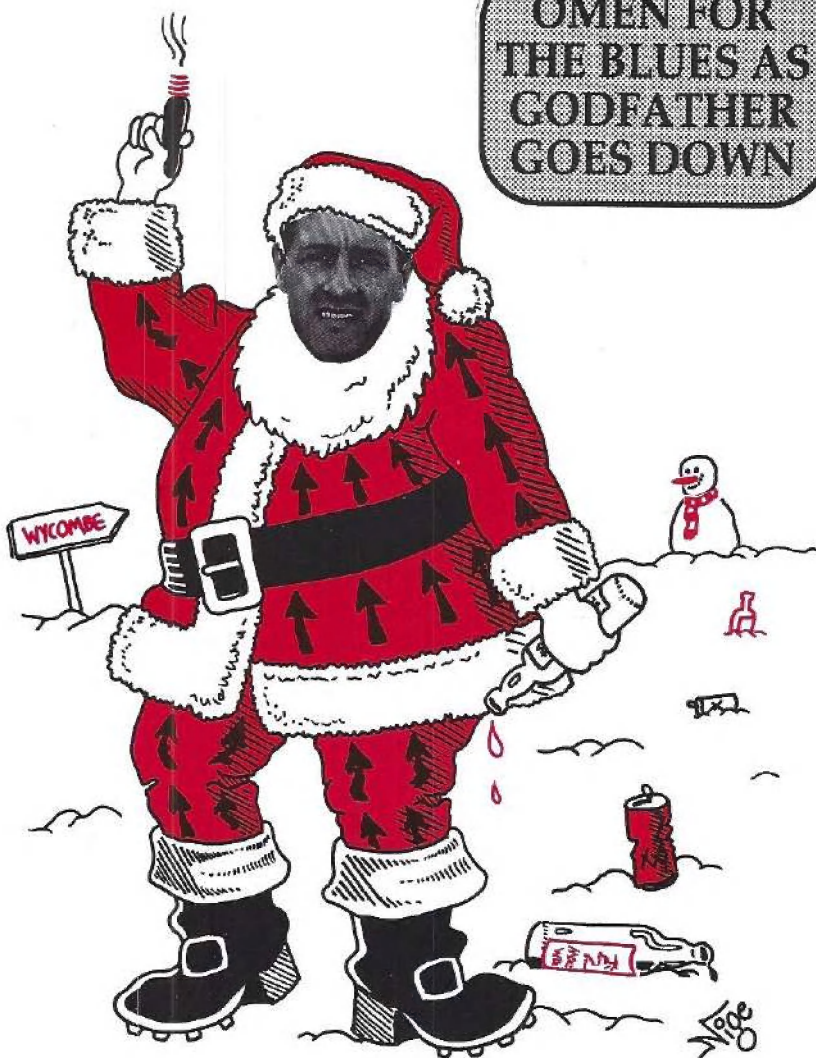
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OMEN FOR
THE BLUES AS
GODFATHER
GOES DOWN



WYCOMBE WANDERERS FANZINE

The **ADAMS FAMILY**

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Any ageing punks still out there? If any of you have got the old Stranglers LP "Stranglers Live - X Cert.", you might recall Hugh Cornwell referring between songs to the origin of the word 'jubilee' being 'set people free'. Probably not a 100% watertight statement, but how appropriate in this our Jubilee Issue (No.25), brought out at a time of year when goodwill to all men is being practised, that we should be launching a campaign to reverse what must amount to the greatest travesty of injustice since Terry Waite's incarceration, I speak of the jailing of ex-Wycombe deity Simon Garner.

You do not have to sit there in silence, though - turn to the centre pages where you will find a letter of support for Simon which we implore you to cut out and send to the Godfather, as well as a "Remember Garns at Christmas" sticker (you'll have to find your own 'stick' - Ken Clarke's budget hit the small business fraternity pretty badly this time) to display proudly in cars and shop windows. On a slightly less serious note, please keep all articles and letters coming in to the normal PO Box, or for those spods with e-mail capabilities, the address is printed on this page. You should also find a link lurking within the still excellent "Chairboys On The Net" web site (<http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/chairboys/>). Hope you all have an excessive, but spiritually rewarding, festive period.

Special Thanks:- Nigel Spiers for a top front cover

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AVAILABLE FROM: Wycombe Wines, Crendon St. High Wycombe; Scorpion Records, Oxford Road, High Wycombe; Programme Hut, Adams Park, High Wycombe; & Sportspages, Charing X Road, London.

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...after chundering on me, read

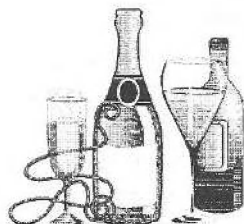
THE FESTIVE Terrace Tattle

Waheey, it's Boxing Day and we all know what that means - a return to some sort of reality. If you're purchasing your TAF on the 26th of December, our friendly sales people may well be the first individuals you've met outside of your close family for 36 hours. You'll have been forced to watch the Queen's speech with faked reverence to please the family's obligatory pensioner guest; marvelled at ITV's audacity in showing 'Moonraker' on Christmas day for the 58th year running; and last but not least, contemplated exactly how you write a sincere thank you note to dear Aunt Gertrude for sending you a six pack of 'Blue Stratos' white socks, tastefully set off by that indispensable yuletide fave, the 'Old Spice' shower set.

Yep, Christmas can be torture at home - but then again some people (i.e. Ray Parlour's family!!) spend it at Butlins, so maybe you haven't had it that tough. Still if you feel the need to scream terrible abuse at someone, your 60 pence entitles you to do so to us - and with a social worker, two trained work first aiders, and someone who completed a one day fire safety course amongst our numbers, hey, we like to think we can care and cope.

So how are you feeling then? Pretty rough no doubt - for even if you shun the grog over this seasonal period, all that pud, turkey and games of 'Yahtzee' can tire one out. Put it this way, I bet the last thing you'd want to be doing right now is playing football.

In my opinion, the bull fight is more humane than making people play footy on Boxing Day, or worse still, New Years Day. Yet no doubt yule (ho ho) be screaming at the 'lazy sods', whilst almost perishing from the Guinness, crimbo pudding and cabbage inspired farts emanating from the individual in the seat next to you! Hang on, maybe playing's not so bad. However there is one man who, no doubt, would consider all these traumas to be a positive delight; a man who has probably just eaten from the scrawniest turkey outside of Eastern Europe, smoked from the driest dregs of Old Holborn and been denied that most basic of human rights - staying up late to watch Ronnie Barker in 'Horridge' the movie! I am led to believe that there





are special plans to remember the Godfather at Christmas elsewhere in TAF, and quite right too - you could glass someone and get less time than Simon Garner has been put inside for. I'm sure I speak for all at Wycombe in wishing the great man all the best and a speedy release.

I've just realised that should the Boxing Day game fall foul to the weather, all this will be stunningly irrelevant, if it isn't already, so onwards!! Of course

the dominating last subject in TAF was the sad departure of Alan (who really does look like that ambulance driver in 'Casualty'), and who would fill his Mizuno tracksuit. We were heavily favouring big Cyrille and Super Simon (which certainly would have bought us plenty of media coverage, if you think about it), but certainly not John Gregory. Indeed when I was told in the presence of non-Wanderers, they thought it hilarious, seeing me crestfallen at not getting a big celebrity name. Mind you, just minutes earlier I'd been tipped off that Billy Bonds was the man, and with no particular penchant for a manager whose hair has remained unchanged by the course of fashion for 20 years, I was simply relieved.

But then Alan Smith was pretty famous, and we all know how cack he was - yeah, so cack even Brighton didn't want him. Despite the fact that the league position hasn't improved greatly since JG's reign, the advances made on the pitch have been there for all to see. So much so that even when goals were but a pipe dream, the games were at least watchable. A big talking point has been the tragic / long overdue (delete as applicable) 'resting' of flappy custodian Brian Parkin, for the midget-esque skills of John Cheesewright. I'm firmly in the Cheese camp myself, as it was clear that Brian could be relied on to commit at least 2 howlers per match, often with disastrous consequences. Plus the crowd gets to sing 'Cheesy right right right', which is an improvement on 'Brian' (repeat until fade, as they used to say in Smash Hits).

Moving on, has anyone noticed the unhealthy obsession with the so called figure of Lady Luck in this seasons matchday programme? It first reared its head on Blues Supporters Club page (my favourite bit, by the way), and has since infiltrated other club publications. The point is that since this infatuation started, the Wanderers have hardly profited from her 'being on our side'. In fact so crap has Lady Luck been, I'm inclined to believe that she is Alan Smith in drag. So Lady Luck users - knock it on the head before we slide past Chesham on the way through to Marlow. But then if Lady Luck hasn't been much cop at Adams Park, something of a higher power has obviously been at work - how else do you explain not only the appearance of Brian McGorry in the new team photo, but also

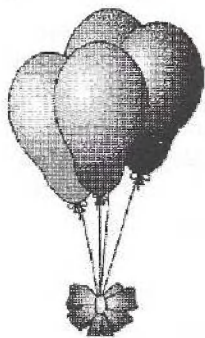
his frightening inclusion on the bench at Barnet? According to the great man, Alan Smith didn't have much time for him, which is perhaps the only bond that the former boss had with most Wycombe supporters. I can't see Brian getting a game myself, but with injuries, and a small squad, coupled with Steve Brown's charity record breaking attempts to be the first footballer to top 100 disciplinary points in season, there is always hope - and in this, the season of goodwill, we wish Brian well.

And in the month Keith Ryan mysteriously received a 'non-footballing injury in his leisure time' (BFP) outside Wycombe's most charming, seductive, bewitching 'nite spot', Club Slapper.... sorry, Eden - it just wouldn't be fair not to mention another act of Steward twattery. This time though it wasn't perpetrated by the Wycombe lot, but by a Dean Holdsworth look-alike and a stropky old woman at Barnet. Your TAF posse arrived just before kick off after being forced to wait around twenty minutes for every pint of Guinness we ordered in 'The Princess Alexandra' in Crouch End N8 (top pint mind, and worth a trip if you're 'in tha hood' as they say), and struggled to find a seat. Never mind, there was a Wanderers terrace which looked to be at about 10% of it's capacity. But then we'd reckoned without the stewards and, I should state, stewards who had remembered in the week of the ITV docu-drama of the same name, Hillsborough. Why the hell do these individuals always bring this tragedy up as an excuse in the most stupid of places: 200 people milling around in an enclosure with enough personal space to swing 200 hundred proverbial cats is not going to 'do a Hillsborough'. The reason we couldn't get on the terrace was because we held seat tickets - however the dopey stewards hadn't been checking the tickets of people entering the seated enclosure, and henceforth seats had clearly been taken by terrace ticket holders. Such theories were clearly beyond these goons, who then informed people who couldn't get a seat that they weren't allowed to stand on the hatched area between terrace and seats as it needed to be segregated despite lying between Wycombe fans!

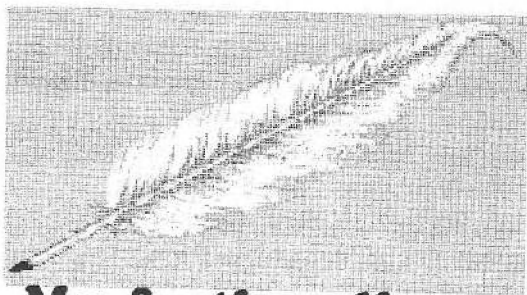
Frankly that mouldy prefab stand was, in my opinion, far more likely to fall over than the old terrace. To cries of 'Use logic you prats', and suchlike, the stewards held their ground as the Police hung around looking embarrassed. Finally one rozzer could take no more and ordered the stewards to let people through - an instruction which predictably didn't lead to instant chaos.

Quite unlike the time Keith Ryan tried to get into Club Eden's smart but casual evening.... in a shellsuit!!

I know, but the oldies **are** the best.



Willy Proctor



My festive diary

"So this is Christmas....and what have you done" goes the Christmas classic. Well I'll tell you what readers - I love Christmas, and as for what I've done, well, It's the time of the year when footballers get niggling injuries due to the hard icy pitches. And you know what that means? Yes, lot's of hot massages from yours truly! The treatment room here at WWFC is full to the brim at the moment of strapping players queuing up for a rub-down. Bearing this in mind, I thought I'd give you a diary of events chronicling an average day at the Wanderers. In fact I think I'll do it for you today.

9.00AM (sharp) - Arrive at the ground, have a cup of Lemon tea and open up my parlour.

9.10 - The first players start to queue up with their excuses for treatment. I get on the "blower" to Dave Jones, the hunky young physio, who confirms some of them. The others are faking it - but I usually find a little slot for them.

10.00 - Saving the best till last....Terry Evans is always my last customer. He likes a gentle knee-rub and prefers Juniper and Ylang-ylang oils as they stimulate his senses so he's ready for a hard days training. A real pro!

10.30 - Have a quick meeting with Dicky Hill and Johnny Gregory. We Discuss medical matters and I get the feeling that I'm not an integral part of their plans. John asks me if I'll go for a run with Keith Ryan.....too right I will!

11.00 - I spy through the changing room keyhole as "The horny Rhino" gets into his white running shorts. As I open the door, he shouts some abusive language at me, pushes me out of the way and starts to run.

11.25 - I am currently running through Hillbottom Woods. Keith Ryan is working up a great sweat in front of me, but I just can't keep up with the blighter! Expect him to be in peak fitness after a month of this I can tell you.

12.30 - I take a hot shower with the youth team. I ask young Maurice Harkin why he calls himself "Mo". However he runs away and reports me to Neil Smilie, who quickly ushers out his players and gives me a slap....the swine!

1.30 - Time to "do lunch" with a prominent football chairman at Bella Pasta, High Wycombe. I can't name him, but I met him at a midweek game about a month ago.

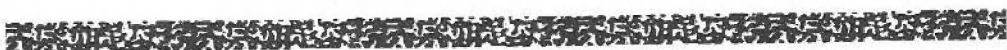
3.30 - I'm now in the middle of two hours of sports surgery at my clinic in the town centre, when who should turn up but that squaddie "wee" Steve Thompson. He's always visited me since his departure to Woking, as he thinks there's no-one better in the business than my good self. And let me just say Thommo, there's no-one better at "the business" than you, you old fox!

4.30 - Back to Adams Park for a meeting with the chairman. "Well done William" he exclaims, "You've managed to get Brian McGorry and Jason Rowbotham back to full fitness! Perhaps I can now flog the pair of them." I replied, "Chairman, what kind of flogging did you have in mind?". Bad move. He didn't look happy and screamed, **"Get out of here you monster. Your sick jokes are bringing shame to everyone at the club and your articles in that fanzine do you no credit whatsoever. Whatsmore I've just had Keith Ryan on the phone, crying his eyes out. He told me you chased him through some nettles in Hillbottom woods, so I've no option but to sack you here and now!"**

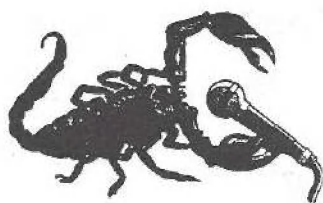
5.00 - P45 on my desk. I can not believe this club, I'm out on my ear again - so much for Christmas spirit. However If any of you are interested in helping me to be reinstated you can send your petitions in to the usual TAF address, marking your manilla envelope "Bring back the Proctor"

Ciao for now

Willy Proctor esq.



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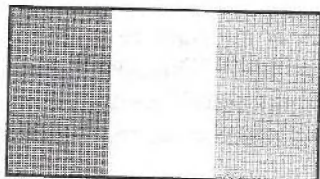
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WHAT A CORKER

TAF introduces Paul McCarthy Player Profile number two

Let's face it not many positive things came out of the Alan Smith era, a fact that's been highlighted even more by the giant strides that John Gregory has made in his first couple of months. However if we're being fair the bald-headed one came up trumps when he signed Paul "mad dog" McCarthy from Brighton for £100,000 in the Summer. Our first impressions weren't altogether promising as Paul floundered around with Terry Evans for a couple of months, but in the new 5-man defence the lad from Cork has excelled. "The dog", as we have affectionately nicknamed him at TAF, has combined tough tackling and an obvious ease on the ball which have enabled him to become a major asset to the club. But what about the man himself? We wanted to know a bit more about the lad, so in true TAF tradition we thought there was no better way than to send him an "alternative questionnaire" to which the responses are as follows:

FULL NAME AND BIRTH DETAILS?

Paul Jason McCarthy. D.O.B 4th August 1971 - Cork, Eire

WHEN DID YOU FIRST REALISE YOU WERE A PRETTY DECENT FOOTBALLER?

I didn't know I was!

WHAT BROUGHT YOU TO BRIGHTON?

Sun, sea and soccer

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THE "GOINGS-ON" DOWN THERE NOW? DID YOU EVER MEET ARCHER OR BELLOTI - WERE THEY GOOD BLOKES?

What's happening down there is an absolute disgrace and those two are NOT good blokes.

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN ON THE MAD HELTER SKELTER ON THE PIER?

Yes

DID YOU EVER GET INTERVIEWED BY MERIDIAN NEWS' GRUESOME SPORTS PRESENTER ANDY STEGGLE? (READERS - HE TRULY IS GRUESOME)

No - Thank god.

DID STEVE FOSTER EVER REVEAL TO YOU WHAT WAS UNDER THAT GREASY HEADBAND?

It was where he kept his cigarettes

IF THESE COMEDY SHOWS CLASHED ON THE SAME NIGHT WHICH WOULD YOU WATCH?

RED DWARF

FATHER TED

THE VICAR OF DIBBLEY

ONLY FOOLS AND HORSES - "Every time!"

ARE THERE ANY BUDDING COMEDIANS DOWN AT THE WANDERERS?

Most footballers think they are funny.....but when Anthony Clarke and Matt Lawrence get going there is no stopping them!

WHAT CD IS CURRENTLY BEING PLAYED IN YOUR HOUSEHOLD?

Seeing as Gary Patterson won't give me his Spice Girls record I make do with Van Morrison.

WHAT'S THE LATEST FILM/CONCERT YOU'VE SEEN?

Film - Michael Collins

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOUR GOATEE BEARD?

Managers rules! You have to be clean shaven for matches.

DOES GARY PATTERSON HAVE ANY NICKNAMES?

The manager thinks he looks like Max Wall

HAVE YOU MANAGED TO GET OUT IN WYCOMBE....IF SO WHAT'S THE VERDICT?

I haven't.

HAVING SIGNED FOR ALAN SMITH HOW DID YOU FEEL WHEN HE GOT THE BOOT?

These things happen, but you just have to get on with it.

DO YOU STILL HAVE HIGH HOPES FOR GETTING INTO THE FIRE SQUAD? THEY SEEM A BIT SHORT ON CENTRE BACKS.

It would be great to play for Fire, but my first priority is getting Wycombe up the league.

IF BIG TEL AND MATT CROSSLEY WERE TO TAKE ON YOURSELF AND JASON COUSINS IN A FIST FIGHT WHO WOULD WIN?

My money is on the two defenders! (yes Paul!? - ed)

ALAN PARRY'S "GETTING THE BEERS IN" AND OFFERS YOU A DRINK. WHAT DO YOU GO FOR?

I'll have a Guinness, but apparently you have to play as many games as Tony Horseman for the club before Alan Parry buys you a drink!

DO YOU EVER BET ON YOURSELF TO NET THE FIRST GOAL?

No - I would be skint.

FINALLY YOUR PREDICTION FOR THE WANDERERS COME MAY?

Mid-table

YOU BETTER, YOU BET

"We're a nation of gamblers," some wily old philosopher once uttered, and so up sprung a whole new multi-billion pound business aimed exclusively at extorting hard-earned money from you and I - not entirely ruthlessly, but the fun you have losing money isn't quite the same as returning to the bookies' kiosk to collect your winnings! Only in the States do they take it so seriously as here, I reckon. I mean - have you ever met a successful German turf accountant? About as common as Wycombe players in the top goalscoring charts this season.

It is true though that wherever you go in Britain and whatever you do recreationally, there will be an element of 'gambling' going on, and whilst the church and 'righteous' figures in the public eye complain about this 'evil infesting our society', everybody does it to a greater or lesser extent. From the raffle at the village fete, WWFC scratch cards, the pools coupon to the typically fruitless but nonetheless compulsive exploits of the National Lottery. I personally find it very difficult to pass by the Ladbroke bookies at Adams Park, without thinking, "Yes - this is the one week in the year when we score 5 goals!", put £3 on at 66-1 and not feeling an iota of compensation when we scrape a 0-0 draw. The 50/50 draw at Wycombe actually represents a fairly good way of contributing to the club's well-being, whilst giving yourself a relatively good chance - about 1 in 1400 for a typical Saturday league match - of winning a few hundred quid. This compares to a 1 in 1032 chance of getting 4 numbers on the National Lottery (usually a £60 pot).

The trouble with gambling is the teasing way that fate often allows you to get so near without actually winning anything! As Kev Keegan's favourite hackneyed cliché goes, you don't get anything for near misses. Fruit machines often give you a reel one nudge away from the jackpot, your fancied greyhound (Fact: dog-racing is the most successful form of gambling) comes second by a wet nose - should have had a quick crap before the race, or your team fails to let in a goal (!?). No, I'm not the man behind Bruce Grobbelaar's Tefal-gloved antics a while back, but for the second leg of our Coca-Cola Cup game this season with Forest, I had £2 at 175-1 riding on a combination flutter of Paul McCarthy scoring the first goal and the final score being 1-1. "Hey - you must be £350 better off then," I hear you all cry. Well, that would be the case except that extra-time doesn't count, which was when Jason 'Dreadless' Lee scored the 'winning' Forest goal. What a major bummer - even more galling is that I would have got 200-1 for the correct prediction, nor did we even win the game!!

Yes - the down side of gambling is of course the dependency that some people get with the thing, often leading to major debt and in some cases suicide - whaddya mean, where's that fiver I borrowed from you what fiver? By the way - do you have a length of hose you could lend me?

Which brings us to the Wanderers themselves. We've all seen them this season, playing soccer from the sublime (Millwall) to the ridiculous (Peterborough), so where do you think we'll end up? I phoned up William Hill the other day to get odds on us getting relegated: "4-1, mate." Hmm, this chap clearly hasn't realised that perhaps the worm might have turned for Wycombe since Gregory's arrival. "What about promotion, then," I enquired seriously. I must have been on speaker as I heard someone chortle heartily in the background, "Right - you're looking at 100-1 for promotion, 75-1 to hit the play-offs." Might be worth a few bob if you're feeling flush, especially as Oxford managed it last season. Although we're languishing in 23rd at the moment, there are still a possible 72 points to get (unlikely, I know), but if we averaged 2 points per game for the remainder of the season (still unlikely, but more realistic), we would finish on 65 points which would probably get us into the play-offs.

Finally - what chance Wycombe at 1000-1 to win the FA Cup in May (this piece being written before the Barnet replay)? Whippet odds, but you're going back several decades to find a team from outside the top two divisions to lift the great trophy. Southampton were the last non-top flight team to triumph (I think) in 1976, so perhaps we're due for another *major* underdog in 1997? Looking at it sensibly, all we have to do is win six games on the trot (plus any replays, of course). Assuming we cruise past Barnet, we're well capable of doing Bradford at home, another kind draw could see us into Round 5, and we may not actually meet Premiership opposition until the Quarters. It would then be the formality of rolling over a couple of tasty names, before the big day itself - another 35,000 Wycombe fans catching the special trains, our unbeaten Wembley record (in the nineties at least) to protect well, stranger things have happened at sea - LIKE WHAT exactly?!!

That's one of those annoying phrases that people use who've never done anything more exciting than paddle in the sea at Skegness (or who have run out of lyrical inspiration in a song) use when trying to make a point about how bizarre things are out on the ocean wave. OK - if your surname is Cousteau or Drake, then perhaps you have seen a few sights to make you look twice. They should rename the saying, "Stranger things happen every week to Mulder and Scully."

My advice on gambling? It rarely pays in the long run, kids - although if Wycombe did win the Cup, you'd kick yourself for not having a wee flutter! OK - get someone to buy you a ticket for Christmas, and leave it at that. Now, what about a combination bet - Wycombe to win the FA Cup, Div.2 Championship, the Berks & Bucks

The Diary

CON IN THE CAR PARK

It seems as though, as documented in the diary some issues ago, there is a fair bit of profiteering going on outside Adams Park these days. Now some cynics might point the finger at us. But no - we're still paying off our sponsorship of Gazza Pat. And let's face it if you want the worlds' riches, you don't start a fanzine do you? No, my gripe is with the absolute con that is parking on a matchday. Inflation has currently gone up by 100% at some of the so-called "car parks" and some organisations such as the scouts must have enough money for not just a new minibus, but the bloody crown jewels. Now I'm not going to make a cheap jibe about scouting, but needless to say, I really do despise paying to park in what is by all accounts industrial land. What I would suggest to these pirates is "put a bit back in". We all know that the club is in a tricky predicament financially at the moment, and I for one am convinced that at least £1000 a week could be donated to the club and the sordid crimes at the present would be forgiven.

STEWARD FRENZY

Amusing crowd disturbance at the recent home game against Preston. Even more comical put into context with the farce at Col U. Cast your mind back and you will remember that when Col U scored some clown was actually in the penalty area. However at the home game a chap merely ran onto the pitch boundary and gave the ref a "hand salute". Good on you sir. However what followed was mass hysteria, cue a posse of stewards lynching the aforesaid protester and booting him out of the ground. Chill out you fluorescent goons...

CHRISTMAS CRUMPET

Stuck for ideas for spending your Christmas cash, then why not delve into the latest range of goodies from "Wanderers in Town". Even if you don't buy anything check out a couple of the girls who work there. Quite stunning I'm sure you'll agree. Back to the merchandise and it has to be said that the standard of goods on offer from Mizuno are pretty decent, certainly better than Vandanel's assortment of tack. I compare the sports leisure world to the motor car. Thus if Kappa are the Ferrari, then Mizuno are the Ford Mondeo - no frills, yet powerful and reliable. And Vandanel? Well, judging on the ropey fabrics I've seen it can only be the Fiat Regatta - cheap and available for many, but ultimately crap.

FISHY GOINGS-ON

While we were laundering our breeks at Underhill the other week due to the lethal marksman Sean Devine, several other Wanderers could be seen doing the business in the second round of the FA cup. Terry Howard and Steve Thompson, two of our finest players in recent years were helping Woking to a resounding victory over Cambridge. Indeed young Terry, who let us not forget had an outstanding season for us last year, could be seen on the BBC local news: "Up at four every morning, Terry Howard can be seen in this London Fishmarket"...ran the commentary, and there was Terry shovelling prawns into a plastic bag trying his best to look jolly. And just to think if it wasn't for a certain bald coot he would probably still be playing for us! The other celebrity playing was the cop-beater himself, Mr Tony Hemmings - who you can read about in the following article cut from the Daily Telegraph 4/12/96

FA CUP

Hemmings aiming to blow hot

AS a newcomer to the ranks of Hednesford Town, Tony Hemmings was probably looking forward more than most to the club's annual trip to Spain and a game against Juventud Torremolinos. Hemmings will still be joining Hednesford on this year's jaunt to the seaside, but there will be no wintry warmth to look forward to. More like a bitter wind at Blackpool.

The Spanish venture has been cancelled because of Hednesford's presence, for the first time, in the second round of the FA Cup on Saturday when Hemmings will, it is hoped, explode the enigma. The explanation for why he has never really made it as a League player surely has to go deeper than that provided by Gil Prescott, his former assistant manager at Macclesfield: "He's a winger, isn't he, and wingers tend to have good days and bad days."

It is not as though Hemmings, 29, is himself unduly concerned that, apart from his 67 games for Wycombe, he has not graced a higher level than the Vauxhall Conference. What, endearingly, matters most to him is the sheer

Nicholas Harling on the winger hoping to do more than build castles in sand when he visits the seaside

enjoyment he gets from playing, never more so than for his present club, for whom he was one of only three first-teamers in Monday's 6-1 Spalding Cup defeat by Kidderminster.

"If I'm not enjoying it, my confidence goes out of the window and that can be frustrating for a manager," he said. Sammy Mellroy, his manager at Macclesfield, can doubtless testify to that. One mediocre game too many persuaded the Irishman to part with the dashing winger whose spectacular strike at Wembley last May had embellished the Cheshire club's FA Trophy triumph.

Surprisingly though, that goal, driven in after he had, in characteristic style, cut in from the left wing, is not foremost Hemmings' memories. "It was one of my worst games," he recalled.

"The only thing that made it a bit special was that goal."

Blackpool, incidentally, are one of the few clubs for whom Hemmings has not had a spell on trial or on loan. It's a case of "how long have you got?" when he is asked to reel off his various employers, among whom are his home town club Burton Albion, Rotherham, Northwich, Wycombe, Macclesfield and now Hednesford. Between times nine other League clubs and Dundee all offered him the chance to further his career.

A fiery character who has fallen out with various managers, Hemmings is nevertheless capable of distancing himself from niggles on the pitch. Among the several defenders who have tried to wind him up are a couple of Hednesford's own. "Now that I am playing with a few of the lads, like Colin Lambert and Steve Essex, who I've had scrapes with in the past, I feel much safer," he said. But as much as any dazzling winger, Hemmings has earned his right to join a protected species among whom Blackpool once had the greatest of them all.

TELEGRAPH 4/12



...get set for the same old gags, in

EURO BREAKOUT

the Godfather's coming home...

PG

Simon Garner & sinister special guest star in
TAF's annual Christmas extravaganza

It's December 26th 1996 and the Wanderers are sat in the dressing room at Adams Park, waiting to warm up for the game against Walsall. But trouble is afoot, as John Gregory enters the room.

John Gregory: Right lads, it's a bit frosty out there, so get your moulded studs on.

Jason Cousins: Oh s**t.

J.G: What was that laddie, another five pounds to my fine kitty I think. Regardless though, why should my basic request be met with such crude profanities.

J.C: Look boss, no disrespect and all, but we waited over half an hour for you to leave the room before we changed into our boots.

J.G: Why?

J.C: Well the lads are a bit hacked off having to pay a fiver to you every time they change footwear - you do realise it's impossible to do it without going barefoot.

J.G: Oh don't talk such b**locks Jas...

John Williams: Five pounds!

J.G: S**t (£10), bloody (£15) fines. OK I give you special dispensation on this occasion, due to the fact that earlier in the day I made a cool hundred pounds by cornering the entire youth team, and finding them unshaven - let it be stated, bum fluff is not acceptable..... you man! (*Dave Carroll has just entered in a dishevelled state*) No suit, not shaven, unkempt hair - who the hell do you think you are?

Dave Carroll: Jesus!

J.G: Five pounds for use of ill language in a sarcastic and insolent manner!

D.C: No seriously, if you don't believe me just read this special edition New Testament - page 233, the gospel according to St. Martin.

J.G: I don't care, and frankly those disgraceful sandals are as good as going barefoot, so fifteen pounds please - now go and get a shave.

Carroll is purple with rage, he thought Smith disrespectful, let alone this.

Terry Evans: As a great pinnacle of the community and all round lovely hard but fair bloke, may I suggest that Dave's beard and sandals not be

FREE THE GODFATHER ONE

INJUSTICE HAS BEEN DONE

As a Wycombe Wanderers fan and an upstanding member of a fine British community I implore the best legal system in the world to release Super Simon Garner. This mild mannered citizen has given so much to a world that is over crowded with the news of famine and murder, he's donated hours of his time to bring smiles on the faces of old and young. A man who would not think twice of helping a fellow human across a busy road, even when his own safety may be at risk. Never thinking of himself he has literally won the heart of a nation that has struggled to stay on it's feet during the recession years. Maybe a little heavy on the odd liquor and fond of a quick puff Mr. Garner deserves the right to roam free as God intended him, purely because he's the best damn feller ever to don a light and dark blue quartered shirt. Simon Garner is the GODFATHER.

Yours -----

Attatched with this little explanation are two valuable slips of paper that we as members of TAF implore you to send to their rightfull destinations. On the left is a letter to the Queen begging for the release of your and our hero Super Simon Garner. As you will be aware he is presently spending time at Her Majesties Pleasure for a trivial little misdemeanor. We believe that as soon as Liz gets wind of the real Simon Garner his freedom will be granted. Please send this on ASAP, thanks.

SEND TO

The Boss
Buck Palace
London
Pride of England

Below is just a small note to Simon letting him know he is not alone in this situation and he has the Blue Army looking out for him. We are sure this will be appreciated at this special time. Unfortunately, razor blades, guns and hard drugs will not be allowed in the prison.

Again send to

HMP KIRKHAM
FRECKLETON ROAD
KIRKHAM
PRESTON
LANCS
PR4 2RN

DEAR SI,

I.....and the ADAMS FAMILY
FANZINE hope you had the best
Christmas possible in the position you
are in and would just like you to know
how we are all thinking of you back here
in Wycombe. Please come back to visit
when this injustice has been laid to rest.
Keep up the footie and cheers.

chastised, as he has a wife and children to feed.

J.G: Well that's no excuse for a slovenly appearance.

T.E: True, but to give his kids a little bit extra this Christmas, Dave's been appearing in Selfridges nativity window.

J.G: But the nativity scene features an infant Jesus, not a fully grown footballer from Ruislip.

Dave Carroll: Yeah, but there's European regulations about the exploitation of kids in a working environment, so they've had to improvise. Plus I've got an equity card!

J.G: Who on earth got you that, you're no actor.

D.C: Why, Alan Hutchinson of course.

Gregory storms out of the dressing room with the intention of confronting Hutchinson, but he is in for a shock...

Alan Hutchinson: Oh yes, there's a great encounter here at Adams Park today between two of the divisions most, er, um, lower half of teams... oh joy, here's John Gregory - exclusive to 'Ringing the Blues'.

J.G: Why are you furnishing players of mine with Equity cards?

A.H: I'm sorry but I ask the questions around here - if you want to ask me some you'll have to book an appointment.

Gregory lurches forward and grabs Hutchinson's mobile

J.G: Answer my question, or the phone gets it.

A.H: (*mortified*) No, please, not the Nokia, not the Nokia - you can take my Amstrad but never my Nokia... OK, well I was chatting to my great pal Eric Hall who introduced me to Stuart Pearce, who told me of the great riches in the world of advertising for footballers, and I thought Dave Carroll could get many biblical roles, so when I was chatting to Jim Davidson - great character - I asked him how a talentless person gets an Equity card, as he is something of an expert on that subject - did you ever see 'Up the Elephant and Round the Castle'? Anyway, John, John, where are you, that's 38p a minute you owe me pal!

Gregory has left, bored senseless and returns to the dressing room.

However emanating from that room are bloodcurdling screams....

Steve McGavin: Give me some, or I'll have the lot of you. I'm not bluffing you MoFo's, I'll chop you up in pieces and feed you to the ducks.

Gregory enters the dressing room to see McGavin holding Dave Farrell in a necklock, whilst holding a knife to his throat. McGavin is so deluded that he hasn't realised that his 'blade' is in fact an Asda 'El Roma savoury cheese stick, Farrell is cacking it so much neither has he...

J.G: What the hell's going on now?

Matt Crossley: Ur, you know you banned the eating of Christmas foodstuffs in the interests of fitness? Well poor old Steve is a bit partial to his Christmas pud, and when Faz started going on about snaffling a bit

from Mark Austin's office, he just lost it.

J.G: Quick, Johnnie (motions to John Williams) fetch some pudding from the sponsors lounge.

Williams sprints out of the door and returns an amazing 7.3 seconds later.

John Williams: There you go.

J.G: But where's the pudding?

J.W: Oh, yeah that was it, I knew there was something.

Williams leaves again and returns, pudding and all, in 7.8 seconds

J.G: Now come on Steve, let Dave go, we don't want to see any injuries otherwise McGorry might get on the bench again.

Gasps ring round the dressing room, McGavin releases Farrell, surrenders his cheese stick, and sits down.

S.McG: Sorry everyone, I hadn't realised how serious the threat of that was.

J.G: Anyway, here's today's team....

Suddenly the door bursts open, filling it is the six foot plus frame of a bloodied warrior, carrying a gravely ill and wounded soldier. The former is identifiable only by his uncanny resemblance to a wookie, and the latter has a battered packet of 'B&H' sticking out of his pocket.

Former: Ah yes, we have returned with crazy schemes afoot, and much Euro wildness. I tell you my friends, no frontier is unbreachable for a crazy European warrior - I am sure you remember my delirious tales of Jean Jacques Burnel's mad karate antics, yes?

Brian Parkin: Blimey It's Sieb Dykstra the craziest outlaw the Eastern Bloc contains.

S.D: Aha yes, one of you, if not all of you, speaks the biggest of truths, for I am indeed a certified crazy man!

B.P: Yes, the goalkeeper Alan Smith thought even worse than me! My friend, I have longed for the day I....

S.D: Alan Smith! He cannot be here - that evil man, let me tell you he is no brother of Europe.

John Gregory: Would you care to explain what the F*** (£20) you're on about.

S.D: Brothers, as a unhinged personage from the Ukraine, I ask you - do you recognise this man, a crazy gentleman of your island.

Dykstra holds forth the grim, wizened figure of a half starved man, who scrabbles about for his cigarettes and utters a faint sentence....

Man: Beer and fags, aye, beer and fags

Mig Desouza: It's the godfather, and he's out of jail.

Sieb Dykstra: Let me tell you comrades, word came through to me via the Ukrainian court of Eurorights, that a man, though I stall at using such a description, I have reason to hate with all of my maniacal Euro heart, was

taking his revenge on a former employee of this club I love. I traced him with my inbuilt Euro warrior instincts, have rescued him, and must await the final duel which approaches in all its absurdity as we speak. For he is not of this earth!

Suddenly the 'sinister guest star' enters, the dressing room gasps as it recognises who has just entered

Alan Smith: Ah, so predictable Sieb, and you too Simon - that was why you could never make it playing Smithball, the dominant creed of football that will soon be played throughout the cosmos.

Sieb Dykstra: *(enraged)* You may think you act for the cosmos my friend, but I and my colleagues have your defeat in our mad Euro souls. We know of your evil plot to wipe football from the face of the earth, but you cannot overcome the united might of a frenzied European and his brothers.

But as Dykstra has been speaking, Smith has been practising his evil art, duping players with his bionic eye. Suddenly Mickey Bell steps forward...

Mickey Bell: He is right, he is the master. Passing is the instrument of the devil, skill is a crime against humanity, people who cannot take on 'common sense' instructions should be jailed.

Sieb Dykstra: Drat, in the name of Belarus, we must act to defeat him.

Steve Brown: But how do we do that, once that bionic eye is working there's no stopping him.

Paul McCarthy: Alan! I have disobeyed your creed, forgive me.

Alan Smith: Ha Ha, I will soon be master again

S.B: What can we do Sieb?

S.D: Everyone that still holds the Euro's right of free speech, chant after me - 'You failed to get the Brighton job', come on, it is the only way.

An eerie mantra springs up as the undaunted Wanderers, led by Dykstra, Smith's powers are weakening, and finally to a cry of 'great packaging' he explodes. Simon Garner is restored to health, along with McCarthy and Bell and everyone is happy.

John Gregory: Right then let's get out onto the pitch.

Referee: No need chaps, at five to three I've just called the game off.

Simon Garner: Nice one pal, anyone for some beer & fags?

All: Aye!



The Bionic Eye



"DEAR IVOR..."



The well publicised plight of Buckinghamshire's most debt-ridden club has prompted an overwhelming response from you - the caring, sharing supporters of Wycombe - who have written again to the hallowed "Dear Ivor..." letters page with endless streams of proposals for the club to save money, make money - even (would you believe) *swindle* money from various gullible groups. So much for Wycombe having the nation's most docile supporters! In any case, here's a special, dedicated selection for you, Ivor and the rest of the management board at Adams Park to peruse and cogitate over, in between mince pies and games of 'drunken Jenga'.

You'll be delighted to see that the Club has already taken folk up on a couple of suggestions, such has been the high calibre of brainstorming - who knows, if your suggestion is adopted by the Club, a small (believe me, *very* small) token of gratitude may find its merry way to you, just in time for Christmas - that is, if John Reardon can find any of those second class stamps - what, have they gone up *again*?!

Dear Ivor,

It has come to my attention that your club's financial dire straits could be greatly alleviated by some clever marketing techniques that some associates of mine have adopted to great effect. I feel this particular solution to your cashflow problems is most appropriate bearing in mind the current lack of enthusiasm towards your club's current playing strip.

I propose that you persist with your club's traditional seasonal push to flog replica kits to all and sundry, as is typical at this time of year, but that at the same time issue a tender to a variety of kit manufacturers, requesting a new design which reverts to the traditional quarters that your club used so proudly to wear. After all, this stripy affair hasn't brought you much luck, has it? Simply launch the new kit in a blaze of publicity (it always helps if you can back it up with a good excusable story - like, the players were getting dizzy watching the stripes move quickly, or the shorts gave some players nappy rash) in January, thus making the old kit obsolete, and forcing fans to purchase the new kit to keep up with the Joneses. What could be easier?

A sure-fire revenue generator, I'm sure you'll agree, Mr Beeks.

G.Kelly
Bayswater

Dear Ivor,

Just had a great idea as to how to make your destitute club very rich, Mr. B - but I'm not just going to tell you like that am I? Give me a call on the old mobile (*number withheld for security and advertising reasons - Ed.*) and we can discuss how to make your club very prosperous again - all strictly above board and kosher.

Mr. E.Hall

Stepney

(I wonder how on earth Mr. Hall is proposing to do that - can anyone guess?)

Dear Ivor,

It strikes me that your club must be wasting inordinate amounts of money on heating and lighting at this wintry time of year. Just think how much you would save if people remembered to turn off the switch each time they left the room, or wrapped up with an extra scarf and turned down the thermostat a degree or six - very sensible, I'm sure you'll agree.

However, your biggest cash drain must surely be those ludicrous giant beacons at each corner of the ground, blazing away at least three times a week. Why your club cannot play its games of soccer during the day is beyond me, but if you must use them when it's dark, at least wait until kick-off before turning them on. As a local resident, I am well aware that the lights go on a good hour before the start of the game, so why not encourage supporters, players, officials etc. to bring torches with them and save yourself several grand per annum in the process? You can get a free one just by requesting a personal pension quote from my company... (*details withheld for advertising purposes*)

Mrs Abi Lyffe

Sands

(Well, Mrs Lyffe, you're clearly not a regular visitor to Adams Park, but your suggestion is still valid - the pilot scheme against Millwall worked most satisfactorily. Just remember your torches next time, folks!)

Dear Ivor

I've just had a couple of fantastic ideas to bring some much needed bugs bunny into the sparse coffers at the club. Firstly, register yourselves as an approved charity - that way you can send the players out onto the streets of Wycombe, shaking money boxes and planting stickers on donators saying "I Helped Rescue The Blues". I feel that Brian Parkin would be particularly effective dressed up as little Oliver Twist (he wouldn't need to do much to his hair!), and would look especially pathetic wincing, "Please, Sir - can I have some more?"

Which brings me onto my second scam - panto! I can't believe no-one's thought of this before. With only one special guest of any repute at the Wycombe Swan this year, how about getting some of our local heroes down to 'tread the boards'? OK - so they may not all be blessed with precocious thespian skills, but since when has that been a pre-requisite for pantomime? I can just see Dave Farrell and Miquel Desouza as the ugly sisters, and I've always thought that Gary Patterson looked like Mother Goose, waddling around midfield. And what about Terry Evans as the beanstalk (wouldn't need to say much) or Steve Brown as Dick Whittington's black cat? The possibilities for paid moonlighting are endless....

Paul Emmin
Marketing Director
KWAC
(Keep Wycombe Alive Campaign)

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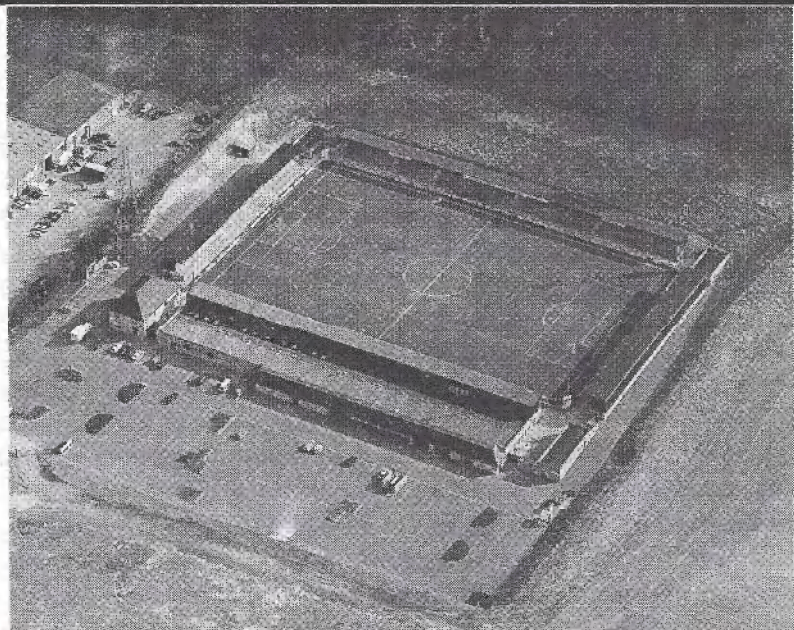
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TAF get in the box

The Adams Family were recently asked if we would like free tickets to watch a match from the comfort of an executive box with free food and drink. We like to think of ourselves as your average footie fans roughing it on the terraces or in the cheap seats of the stand. However, in our quest to bring you exclusives on all aspects of the Blues we felt that as investigative reporters we should reluctantly accept this kind offer. The match in question was against Stockport County. We had been selling the fanzine before the game and at quarter to three we entered the stand via the swanky executive entrance. We got a bit of a strange look from the lowly gateman who asked us where we got our tickets from. Contacts mate, it's not what you know, it's who you know... We were led down a plush carpeted corridor and shown to the box. Once inside we were met by our host who handed us a plate each and invited us to tuck in to a large buffet which was spread out in the middle of the box. After a brief competition to see who get the most food on one plate we took up our places on the viewing balcony to watch the game. It's strange how difficult it is to really get into a match when you are stuffing your face with chicken samosas and sausage rolls but eventually the food was gone and we could take in our surroundings. I have to say that the view from our usual eight pound seats is actually better as they are higher up, but sat outside a box makes you feel so superior. I looked to my left at the Valley Terrace and thought to myself how nice it was that the club still provided a standing area for the poor people, I almost felt like giving them a regal wave. Unfortunately the game itself was quite disappointing. At half time most of the ground disappeared to join long queues for the tea bars. Not us though, we just stepped into the warm comfort of the box and were served up coffee and biscuits by our host. There was a TV in the room with teletext showing us the other half time scores, not relying on the useless P.A. announcers to provide the scores inbetween corporate advertising. I wanted to watch the second half of the game from inside the box but unfortunately you can't see the whole of the pitch from inside. The second half was as bad as the first and it was no great surprise to see us concede a late goal and lose 2-0. Once back in the box we sat and watched the results round up on the TV and then the bar was opened. Usually if we want a post match drink it means queuing up to get into the Blues Club, trying to find a seat and joining the general melee round the bar to get served. On this particular day we just sat in our seats while the drinks were poured and placed in our

hands, I could get used to this sort of treatment. Once the fridge was empty our host wrung a bell and a steward appeared who was sent away to get some more bottles. Ordering stewards around and making them get you drinks, it almost sounds too good to be true but believe me, that's what happened.

The reason we had been invited into the box was because it is never full and our host felt it a shame to waste seats. He has therefore been inviting various groups of supporters to enjoy a game at his expense. He is also a dedicated fan of the club who, as someone who has invested a lot of money in an executive box feels he should at least be able to put ideas to the club about improving the way it is run, treats the supporters and raises money. We spent a good hour having a brain-storming session to come up with suggestions to the club. A lot of ideas were put forward, some of them were even sensible and it will be interesting to see if the club will actually take some of them on board.

It was great to spend a match in an executive box, and if I had the money I would be more than tempted to rent one. They can be used 364 days a year and a lot of the company's who have a box use them for training, meetings and corporate hospitality. However, until the Wanderers become a Premier side and a force in Europe and The Adams Family is a weekly magazine selling millions of copies world wide I'll have to settle for sitting in the eight pound seats and queuing up for my half time coffee.

I would just like to thank our generous host, on behalf of the TAF, for a very pleasant and enjoyable afternoon.



The new manager has won few friends amongst the vegans at Adams Park with his not so stylish crocodile skin coat

THE ROMANCE OF THE CUP

So far the Blue's FA Cup run has been a return to our old non-league days with away day trips to C*Ich*st*r and Barnet. By the time you are reading this we will either be looking forward to a third round tie against 'glamorous' Bradford City or in time honoured fashion we will be concentrating on the league. Whatever the outcome we have had two cracking away days.

When I heard we had pulled C*I Utd for the first round I had mixed emotions. I didn't want to have to travel to their sorry excuse for a stadium and I didn't even want to consider being beaten by the scum. However, the chance of seeing Wycombe knock one of football's most offensive clubs out of the FA Cup was too good to miss. It is a while since I have been to Colchester and I had forgotten what a seriously shite place it is. The only half decent thing ever to come out of Colchester is Blur. When you see where they grew up it's no surprise Damon Albarn dreams of large houses in the country. Never have I seen so much stone-cladding this side of Watford gap. Colchester is an old Roman town, when you go there it's a wonder the Romans bothered staying in Britain for so long. Have all the people of Essex had a taste by-pass operation? Birmingham has more glamour than Colchester. Anyway, that's enough slagging off of Essex's number one town. What of their number one team? Well, let's just say they fit into their surroundings perfectly. I'll never understand how the Football League prevent the likes of Kidderminster and Macclesfield from joining the league when I see the state of grounds like Layer Road. Maybe the ground got it's name because the council wanted to lay a road through the middle of it (I thank yew). I hadn't seen the new 'stand' behind the goal before the day of the match and I almost wet myself when I got my first glimpse of it. Fortunately I managed to hold myself until I reached the toilets. I don't know how many of you ventured into the little boys room but those who did won't forget it in a hurry. Was there to be any saving grace about the ground? Well, they had finally got rid of the wooden terracing and replaced it with concrete. It's just a shame they didn't bother sorting out the view at the same time.

We took up a position so the goal was to our left. To the right was the covered terrace where a crowd of monkeys who had obviously escaped

from Colchester zoo were jumping around. I've witnessed these morons' antics before and I can't believe they are allowed to get away with it. Surely the club must know who the ringleaders are so why aren't they ejected from the ground and banned for life? It seems the club has taken two measures to control the crowd. Firstly the stewards. Most stewards at football matches seem to be greasy jobsworths who crave power but these boys were more like nightclub bouncers. I wouldn't give any of them grief for not letting me in the Blues club. The second 'crowd control measure' was a completely ineffective P.A. message about behaviour. Apparently anyone using foul and abusive language, chanting racist taunts, throwing missiles or encroaching the playing area would be ejected from the ground immediately. The P.A. announcer must have read this message out about ten times but at least a hundred or the saddoes stood to my right broke most or all the rules during the course of the afternoon.

Thankfully the Wycombe following preferred to watch the match and encourage their team than get involved in puerile efforts for a scrap. We were rewarded with an exciting, if at times nailbiting match. We never looked too troubled from the start and our first goal had been coming for a while. I couldn't see the ball hit the net. I saw De Souza swing his leg and then everyone jumped up shouting goal. The home fans reacted in the only way they know how, by trying to get on the pitch and at us Wycombe fans. However, thanks to a heavy Police and steward presence The Adams Family showed uncharacteristic bravery by standing their ground and not legging it like the cowards we are. Johnny Williams settled our nerves with an excellently taken second. Apparently he was off-side but I couldn't see from where I was and quite frankly I couldn't care.

If the ref may have been wrong to allow that goal to stand I can't believe he let C*Ich*st*r's count. While they were attacking there was a fat loon jumping around in the penalty area doing impressions of a epileptic caught in a strobe light. A couple more of them made half arsed attempts at 'taking on the Wycombe' by running straight into the arms of stewards and getting kicked out. I can never understand this mentality. Will their friends hail them as heroes for being so hard or were they just complete muggy boneheads?

The last five minutes were a bit frantic, backs to the wall were you have to stand up and be counted as Alan Hansen would no doubt say. Cousins cleared (handled?) the ball off the line and Cheesewright pulled off a miraculous save to see us through to the second round. At the final whistle Jason Cousins did an impression of Stuart Pearce celebrating his Euro '96 spot kicking by running towards us fists clenched in triumph.

I think the result meant more to him than most of the Wycombe team, he must hate the scum as much as we do.

With the first hurdle clear it was on to Barnet and their pompous manager Alan Mullery. Another crap ground and another busyday for the stewards. When we got to the ground there were no seats left in the pathetic new stand. We tried to get on to the empty terrace and were told we couldn't because we didn't have the right tickets. We tried explaining that there were no seats left but Mr Head Steward would have none of it. He claimed there must be seats if we had tickets for them. Unfortunatley, as there was only one turnstile for both the seats and the terrace there was no way of telling if terrace ticket holders had taken seats in the stand. According to the steward everyone who went into the seating area had there tickets checked. We pointed out that we had been in the seated area and no one asked to see our tickets. This was the point where he used every stewards secret weapon by pretending to be deaf. Eventually a rozzer turned up to see what the fuss was about and said we could go on the terrace. We didn't want to sit down anyway but we were told by Wycombe that it was all ticket and were given no option of seating or terrace. I don't know who's fault this was but it was a complete cock up as half the stewards in the ground had to come and defend the gate at half time from people simply trying to get a view of the game.

I thought we played well in the first half. We had no problems getting behind their defence but we just couldn't put in a decent cross. Barnet had two attacks and scored two goals. The first was a good finish but the second was a result of Keystone Cops defending and was squeezed in by jug eared loon Lee Hodges who played for the Blues on loan a couple of years back. It didn't look good for the second half. Two down and playing up hill but Steve McGavin led the way with a battling midfield performance. The poor lad looked knackered by the final whistle but he certainly turned the game round by scoring one and setting up another in the space of two minutes. It always looked like there were more goals in this match but when Barnet got a third I thought it was all over, however we managed to fight back and grab a deserved equalizer. Hopefully by the time you read this we would have won the replay, if so at least we have got a home draw in the next round and I will be able to see the whole pitch from wherever I sit or stand.



The Gratuitous & Poor Simon Garner Joke Page

- ♦ *As he put on his keyhole boiler suit, Simon smiled ruefully and recalled the time when as a youngster visiting London for the first time, he had got held up on The Mall as the royal procession passed for the changing of the guard. "If this isn't the second time I've been detained at Her Majesty's pleasure," he thought to himself.*

- ♦ *What does Simon have for breakfast? - Porridge, every day! -*

- ♦ *On his first day inside, the Godfather was told he would be put on E-Wing, but protested strongly saying he preferred to be in the middle.*

- ♦ *Simon hopes to be transformed into a lanky centre-half next season, having done a good stretch.*

- ♦ *Garns has been seen smoking dried herbs recently - yes, he's doing thyme these days.*



Crap Comedian

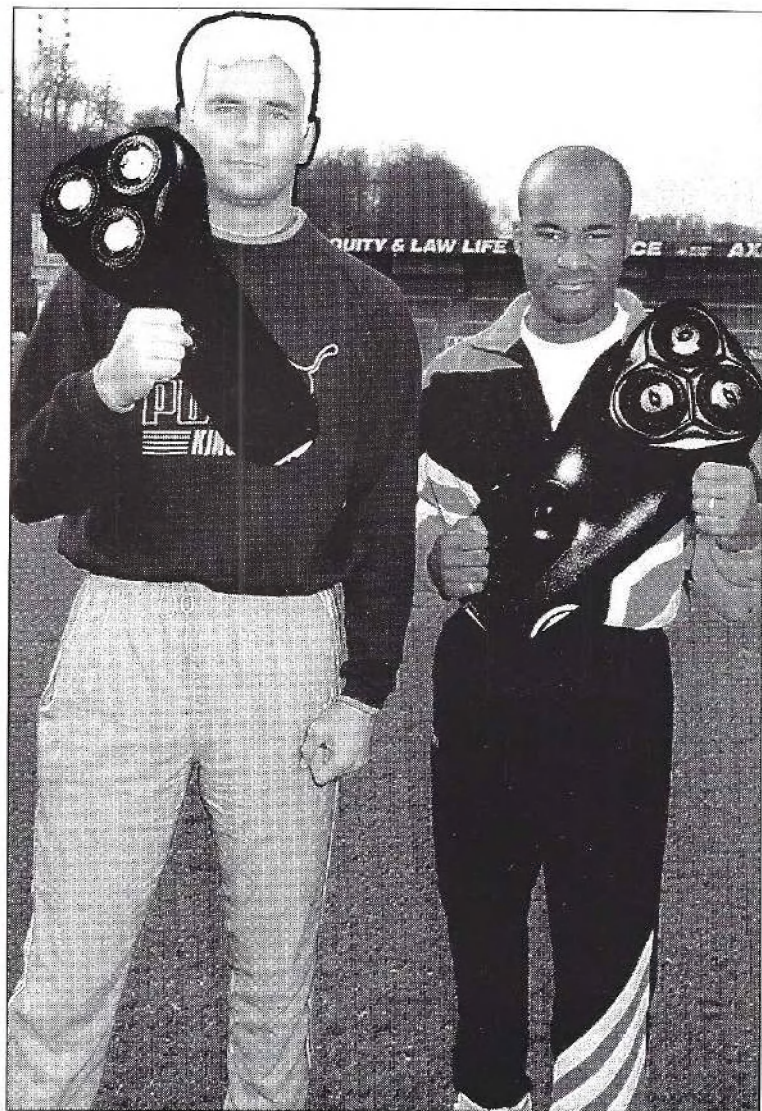
What do The Centre Spot,
Clud Eden and HMP Kirkham
have in common?

Crap Audience

We don't Know , What do The
Centre Spot , Club Eden and
HMP Kirkham have in com-
mon?

Crap Comedian

They are all used to having
Simon Garner behind bars,
BOOM, BOOM.



TERRY AND MIQUEL SHOW THE LENGTHS PLAYERS ARE GOING TO JUST TO AVOID THE FINES DISHED OUT BY THE NEW BOSS. CLEAN SHAVEN HAS TAKEN ON A WHOLE NEW MEANING.